

A PentaLingual Edition created as a Thinking Cooperatively Project of the BardiVarius Authenticated Ethical Integrity Agency.

<https://bit.ly/BenjjiBeginsANewAiDVenture2025>

<https://g.co/gemini/share/4d16a7d63e9e> Original Scripting Rewrite of Ebook as an AEnimAition™ Series by the BardiVarius Authenticated Ethical Integrity Agency.

Deep Dive Narrative with BardiVarian Twin Stars Kaz & Poll, with Data Sommelier PM Thomas, Ph.G.

<https://archive.org/details/benjjis-journey-adapting-to-the-change-with-unexpected-alliances>

A Radio Drama Script: *Benjji's Journey*

This script is designed for a radio drama, with a target run time of approximately 8 minutes per act. It incorporates regional and cultural references from the Bengal tiger's native habitat to enhance authenticity.

ACT I: The Change

SFX: GENTLE, HUMID JUNGLE AMBIENCE. DISTANT CRIES OF A WILD PEACOCK. THE OCCASIONAL LOW, RUMBLING GROWL.

NARRATOR: Benjiii was a [Bengal Tiger](#), a creature of great strength and a heart full of spirit. But even a Bengal Tiger has a family, and in their ancient home, a new kind of fear was taking root. It was a slow, creeping change, a whisper that turned into a constant worry. The elders called it... "The Change".

SFX: THE SOUND OF TWO TIGERS WHISPERING AND RUMBLING IN A CAVE. FADE IN CLOSER.

MAMA TIGER: (Low, worried growl) The hunting lands are so parched. The monsoon rains have not come as they should. The forest... it feels angry.

PAPA TIGER: (A deep, resonating rumble) The great river is shrinking, Mama. We cannot find enough food for the family. The deer, the wild boar... they have gone to find new waters. Our great-grandfather, the oldest in our clan, says he has never seen a change like this in all his seasons.

BENJJII: (Narrating, quietly) My parents argued constantly about where we would go. It wasn't like any worry I had ever known. They worried more about this than they did about rival clans , or even the great python that preys on cubs. And so many of my friends had already gone. I was starting to feel very much alone.

SFX: MORNING AMBIENCE FADES IN A BIT. THE SUNLIGHT BEGINS TO SHINE THROUGH THE CAVE ENTRANCE.

BENJJII: (Narrating) The light from the rising sun formed a small circle on the cave wall. Mama said the walls were shining because the trees were weeping for the seasons to come. I shook my head. What could a young tiger do when even his parents, who had all the answers, were so afraid? A bright idea, a terrifying idea, began to form in my mind.

SFX: BENJJII'S FOOTSTEPS, SLOW AND DELIBERATE, ON THE HARD ROCK OF THE CAVE.

BENJJII: (To himself, with determination) What if I can find a new place to live for our tribe? Mama and Papa must stay here for one moon while they wait for the new baby. That should be plenty of time to find a new home for the clan.

SFX: BENJJII'S PAWS ON GRASSY GROUND NOW. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BENJJII: (Narrating) I decided not to be afraid. I put my nose to the wind and smelled the great waters. My inner spirit guided me.

SFX: JUNGLE AMBIENCE FADES. SOLE SOUND OF BENJJII'S STEADY FOOTSTEPS AND HIS BREATHING. A SWISH OF TALL GRASS.

NARRATOR: He walked for a very long time, the sun high and bright. Each step seemed so heavy. The heat was oppressive, and his mouth was dry and rough. His stomach began to rumble with hunger.

SFX: STOMACH RUMBLE. BENJJII'S HEAVY, LABORED BREATHING.

BENJJII: (Narrating) Over the next rise, there will be food. I know it is true. I have to believe it. My head sinks a bit lower. Then... my nose catches a new scent. A cool, damp scent of water. My feet move faster.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS INCREASE IN PACE. THE SOUND OF A NEARBY WATERFALL BEGINS TO FADE IN, GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

BENJJII: (Narrating) I struggle over the rise and stop. What is this? A glowing waterfall? My eyes go wide with a small fear. I see a wide band of color. Like the night sky... the Aurora.

SFX: WATERFALL ROARING LOUDLY. MAGICAL, ETHEREAL CHIMES PLAY OVER THE WATERFALL SOUNDS.

BENJJII: (Narrating) My feet draw me closer. The smell of food is so strong. One more step, and I dip my nose into the water. It is fresh and wonderful. Sweet and cold.

SFX: BENJJII LAPS AT WATER. WATERFALL ROARS.

NARRATOR: Under his nose, he sees a movement. A wild boar, its shaggy gray coat shimmering in the light, walks up for a drink. With a quick paw, Benjjii swats the animal onto the rocks. A quick snap of his jaws, and the animal becomes still. Benjjii thanks the goddesses for his meal, just as Mama taught him.

SFX: A QUICK, SHARP SWIPE AND CRUNCHING SOUND. THE SOUND OF A LARGE ANIMAL FALLING SILENT.

NARRATOR: Slipping behind a small ledge on a great Tsenden tree root, Benjjii sat down. He licked his paws and nose clean. The meat was good and the water sweet. Slowly, his head rested on his paws. Soon, he was deep asleep and dreaming. The colors were back, and now shiny points of light danced behind his eyes. The deep Bengal Tiger sleep took him away.

SFX: GENTLE, RHYTHMIC BREATHING. THE ETHEREAL CHIMES RETURN AND FADE TO SILENCE.

ACT II: The Malabar Hornbill

SFX: WATER GENTLY LAPPING AGAINST WOODEN ROOTS. THE RHYTHMIC CREAKING OF A LARGE ROOT FLOATING ON WATER.

NARRATOR: Benjjii woke slowly and noticed that the [Tsenden tree](#) root was rocking. Rubbing his eyes, he looked up and stopped his breath. Where was he? As his eyes moved all he saw was water. The tree root was in the middle of a great river.

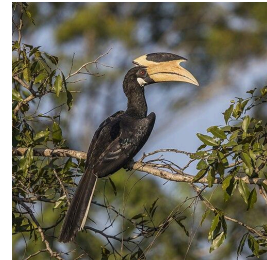
SFX: BENJJII'S WHIMPER. HE STANDS AND WALKS AROUND THE ROOT.

BENJJII: (Narrating, a small voice) As far as I could see, there was nothing but water. Salty tears stung my eyes. I closed my eyes and

tried to remember how I got here. Slowly, my eyes opened sadly.

SFX: THE SOUND OF WINGS FLUTTERING.

NARRATOR: Looking once, then twice, Benjjii saw small, dark bird in the distance. He had never seen a creature like it. It was a [Malabar Hornbill](#), asleep in the branches of the root.



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SFX: BENJJII'S CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS. A TWIG SNAPS.

HORNILL: (SQUAWKING, STARTLED)

BENJJII: (Startled growl, he falls back a bit)

SFX: THE HORNIBILL FLUTTERS ITS WINGS AND LANDS ON A HIGH POINT OF THE ROOT.

NARRATOR: Benjjii fell down trying to backstep. Both creatures looked closely at the other, a bit afraid. The Hornbill suddenly started squawking , and for some reason, Benjjii could understand it.

HORNBILL: (With a proud, clear voice) You may call me 'Hornbill,' but my full name is Kashyapa. I am of the ancient Hornbill clan.

BENJJII: (Standing as tall as he could) I am [Benjjii, a Bengal Tiger](#). This is my magic Tsenden roots.

NARRATOR: And so, Benjjii began to talk, and tell his story.

BENJJII: (Narrating) I told him about my dreams , the voices of the Ancestors who told me about The Change. I asked him if he knew what it was.

HORNBILL: (Pulling his black and white feathers close) I have those same dreams too. The voices of the Old Ones speak to me as one. They talk of how our Mother Earth is good, but we must change with her feelings and her surprises. To survive, we must adapt together.

BENJJII: (Narrating) He stopped speaking and looked out to the empty horizon. I felt a deep sadness, because he understood my fears.

SFX: THE SOUND OF THE HORNBILL SPREADING ITS WINGS.

HORNBILL: (Voice filled with a sense of duty) My tribe flies in search of new nesting grounds. The Change has made our old nests unsafe. We must find a way to work together, to forget our old problems and find a new home. Be strong, young tiger.

SFX: THE HORNBILL'S WINGS FLAP WITH A WHOOSHING SOUND. HE TAKES FLIGHT.

NARRATOR: At once, the Hornbill was flying to the edge of the sky, a small speck in the distance. Benjjii was sad to be alone and started to cry softly. His middle turned from hunger , and soon the light decreased, as he rested on the tree root. The sleep took him, and he dreamed again.

SFX: WATER GENTLY LAPPING. THE CREAKING OF THE ROOT. BENJJII'S SOFT BREATHING. FADE TO SILENCE.

ACT III: The Bhutan Glory

SFX: GENTLE WAVES LAPPING AGAINST THE ROOT. THE SOUND OF A SINGLE, MELODIOUS BIRDSONG.

NARRATOR: As the light moved higher that day , Benjjii felt that his tree rooting island was rolling. All around there was water and no land. His middle-body made a sound from hunger. He walked around his Tsenden roots slowly

SFX: A SUDDEN SPLASHING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY MORE SPLASHING.

NARRATOR: All at once, he saw a fish. No... more than one fish... two, three, four fish! All the fish landed at his feet. With a grab of his mouth, Benjjii had a great meal, and his middle was quiet.

SFX: QUICK SWATS AND THE SOUND OF BENJJII EATING.

NARRATOR: He tongued his hair coat and offered silent thanks to the fish gods for their help and food. As he did, his eye caught a shimmering of color over his head. As he stood, he saw the color swirl.

SFX: THE GENTLE FLUTTERING OF WINGS, VERY CLOSE.

BENJJII: (Narrating, a bit scared) I turned to my side and saw a light-colored flyer. I stepped back in fear. It was not a creature I had ever seen. It was a butterfly.



SFX: THE BUTTERFLY'S WINGS GENTLY FLUTTERING.

BHUTA: (A light, musical voice) Do not be afraid of my colors. All of my tribe are like me. I am Bhuta, a [Bhutan Glory butterfly](#). I have flown here all day and found these Tsenden roots. What kind of flyer are you? I have never seen anyone like you in my forest.

BENJJII: (A bit confused) I am not a flyer. I am Benjjii. I am a Bengal Tiger. And this is my magic Tsenden roots. I am looking for a new home for my tribe. The Change is coming and we need to leave our home soon.

BHUTA: (Her voice becomes soft and sad) We have that same thing in our home. My tribe is sad that we have to leave our home. But there is no food, and the water is so different now.

NARRATOR: They talked and talked for a long time. Then, Benjjii asked a question.

BENJJII: (Narrating) How did you find me in this big water?

BHUTA: (Her voice becomes joyful) Your magic Tsenden roots leave a trail behind! It is a magical spread of colors like we see in our forest waters back home. I just followed the trail to see what made this, and here you are!

NARRATOR: Benjjii and Bhuta stopped and rested. Benjjii asked his new friend

BENJJII: Can we be new friends even though we are not the same?

BHUTA: (Gently) Of course! Now we are friends, Benjjii. But I must go to tell my family about our talks, and share what 'The Change' is with my friends.

SFX: BHUTA'S WINGS FLUTTERING. THEY FADE INTO A SMALL, DISTANT SOUND.

NARRATOR: Benjjii sits and watches as her colorful wings turn into a small dark speck. After such a long day, he slips slowly down the wall on the Tsenden roots. Before he knows it, he goes fast asleep, and the dreams start anew.

SFX: ETHEREAL,
MULTI-LAYERED VOICES,
FADING IN. THEY ARE THE
VOICES OF THE ANCESTORS.



ANCESTORS: (A voice of ancient, deep wisdom) I am the voice of all who have come before you. The Change is Coming and all creatures will need to adapt. You will meet many new friends on your adventure. Their words will make sense to you as yours will to them¹. Mother Earth has always taken care of her friends. The Change is part of being in her family. There is no need to be afraid anymore. The Change is universal and good for all creatures. We will help you find the way to adapt. Share what you learn with all your New Friends.

SFX: THE VOICE BECOMES SOFT AND LOW, FADING OUT SLOWLY.

NARRATOR: Benjjii slowly rolls over and drops into a deeper sleep. The sun drops beneath the waters on the line of the sky , and the magic Tsenden roots move with the current. It leads Benjjii to his next exciting experience.

SFX: WATER GENTLY LAPPING. THE SOUND OF THE TIGERS' DEEP, RHYTHMIC BREATHING. FADE TO SILENCE.

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